Friends Don't Break Up by BlueClue182

Series: February Fluff Challenge [3]
Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: BUT THE ANGST IS SHORT LIVED, Divorce, F/M, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Kissing, snuggles
Language: English
Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler
Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-02-03
Updated: 2018-02-03
Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:36:20
Rating: General Audiences
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 995
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Eleven actually asks before borrowing Mike's sweater, and it starts an unexpected conversation. Takes place during their first semester of school together.

Prompt: "Would it be alright if I borrowed your sweater?"

Friends Don't Break Up

Author's Note:

> Fluff fest day three. CAUGHT UP YEAAAHHHH
> Welcome to what will probably be the only angst in this entire series.
> Thank you as always to beta Goku/Sarah.

“Would it be alright if I borrow your sweater?”

“What? Yeah, of course—but you never asked before. Why now?” El tugged her sleeves down over her hands.

“Hop says I have too many of yours. And I probably should bring them back. And if I’m going to borrow more, I should give them back before I go home.”

“If it were anyone else, I’d probably agree with him. But I kind of like it when you steal my clothes.” Mike returned to his math homework, assuming the conversation was over, but then he noticed Eleven fidgeting out of the corner of his eye and put his work aside. Her own homework was still in her backpack, untouched.

“Everything okay?”

“Hopper said something else, too.”

Mike could feel the anger irrationally, prematurely, but uncontrollably rising. “What did he say? Is it one of those weird arguments my mom makes?” Mike’s mom always questioned Nancy when she was wearing something she didn’t recognize. She even sat Mike down once and told him he had to stop letting Eleven wear his things. *You know what everyone is thinking when she goes around in your clothes? They’re all wondering how she got them off you, and you’re going to give her a reputation.*
This was stupid to Mike for several reasons: first, they were still only 14. Second no one cared what either of them was wearing ever. And he had evidence.
Dustin steals Steve’s t-shirts all the time, and no one even notices.

That's very different, Michael. Steve doesn't go to your school anymore, and he and Dustin are certainly not dating.
MOM!
Replaying the conversation was just getting him angrier.

"He says I shouldn't collect your stuff because it makes things…" She was searching for the word. "…awk-ward?" He nodded. "Awkward. If we fight."

"That…doesn't make any sense. We've fought before, and I've never wanted my stuff back."

"He said if we fight real bad and we stop talking to each other. If we…break up."

"That's stupid."

"Stupid why?"

"Well you have to be boyfriend and girlfriend to break up and we're not. I mean, we're together, but not…" He sighed. "Max and Lucas are boyfriend and girlfriend, right, but they weren't really friends before that so if they break up they might not hang out any more. But we've always been…we were friends before the Snow Ball and we've never called each other boyfriend and girlfriend."

"You don't want to be my boyfriend?"

"I don't know, we've never talked about it." He put his books aside. This was going to be a longer conversation. "It feels kind of silly."

"Lucas and Max are silly?"

"I guess. Besides, you and I would never stop talking to each other.

"How do you know?"

"Just…because."

"Because why?"

"I just do."

“Mike.”

“UGH! Because…we promised. I said I’d never leave you again and you said the same thing. But I guess if you wanna give me my stuff back and stop hanging out, I guess, whatever. Do whatever you want.”

“No way! That’s not—”

“Whatever.” Mike picked his books back up, but Eleven reached out and took them from him. He reached for the books, but it was half-hearted. “I have homework.” He grumbled.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“If you want your sweater back, you can have it. We don’t have to stop talking.”

“No it’s fine.”

“Then why cry?”

“I’m not CRYING.” She scooched closer to him and wiped a tear from his cheek, then showed him. “Okay. So I cried. Whatever it’s fine.”

“No one cries when it’s fine. What’s wrong?” He sighed.

“I don’t really want to talk about it. But my…mom and dad.” Eleven stared. “They’re breaking up.”

“Oh. But they’re…married?”

“Apparently that doesn’t mean jack shit to anyone anymore.”

“Why are they breaking up?”

“That’s the thing. I don’t really know. They don’t get along anymore. Usually when parents break up there’s some big reason, like how Will’s dad was never around. I don’t know why my parents are breaking up.” He took in a deep breath, but it was shaky.

El opened her arms and Mike climbed into her lap. She wrapped her arms around him and he rested his head on her shoulder. “I’m sorry you’re sad.” Mike let his tears fall without making a sound. He sniffed and wiped his nose and his eyes on the sleeve of the hoodie he was wearing. “Did I make you sad?” He sat up a little and looked at her.

“No!” *Friends don’t lie.* She didn’t need to say it. “A little. But not really *you* so much as thinking about what would happen if…you and I just didn’t get along anymore.”

“That would make me sad too.” She whispered. “But we can’t break up, right?” Mike wanted so badly to lie, or better, for the lie in his mind to be the truth.

“I don’t really know. I didn’t think so, but now I’m not so sure.” She placed a hand on his cheek.

“I won’t lose you again. Promise.” She reminded him of their conversation almost a year ago now.

“I promise too.” He responded. He kept his hands on her waist and stared at her lips, her nose, her eyes. She stared back, then pulled the strings of his hood, bringing his face closer to hers. They kissed a long, lingering kiss, and even when she tasted fresh salty tears on his face, she kept kissing. She pulled him closer, her arms around his neck now, and they sat like that, kissing on the floor in his bedroom for what felt like forever and still not long enough. When he did pull away, she smiled.

“I’m keeping your sweaters. And I’m borrowing this one, too.” He smiled back and kissed her quick on the nose before snuggling back into her shoulder.

“Good.” They held each other, tight and warm and content. Homework could wait.